

The Holbrook News

SIDNEY SAPP, Publisher

HOLBROOK ARIZONA

Wonder who discovered the equator?

Too many a summer elopement winds up in an autumn divorce court.

Why take dogs on a polar dash, when wienerwursts occupy less space?

When marriage is a failure, civilization may as well go into bankruptcy.

Edward VII. has been king for seven years, and he can't think of any job he would rather have.

Incredulous persons, however, will insist that Dr. Cook exhibit a splinter or some other souvenir.

Eighty-four per cent of the people of the United States drink coffee. At least they think they do.

The average woman seldom feels sorry for herself if she can find some man to feel sorry for her.

One nice thing about Minister Wu was the fact that it was almost impossible to misspell his name.

We are dreaming now of Halley, Astronomer Halley, and the mocking birds are singing of his comet.

Professor Starr says the average man looks upon marriage as a joke. But that is before he's married.

The Cuban government will get a large return from the lottery, and encourage one of the worst of human instincts.

Annie Besant says she lived 12,000 years ago. We assume, therefore, that Annie makes no pretensions to being "a sweet young thing."

When you have an hour to spare, try to imagine the effect of looking Cook and Peary to lecture in the same town on the same evening.

The news should be broken as gently as possible to the naked eye that it will not be able to see Mr. Halley's celebrated comet for several months yet.

Complaint is made that the Lincoln cents are too thick to go into the slot machines. But you can slip them into the savings banks, which is a great deal better.

What couldn't Sir John Franklin have done in the matter of finding poles and things if he had been equipped with the ships and devices of modern civilization?

Not the least of the achievements of the year 1909 must be reckoned the evolving of an exposition that asked no donation from the government, was finished on time, has had no official or other scandals, and has made money.

A woman who is serving a term in a Western penitentiary for poisoning people has applied for a pardon on the ground that she is homesick. It is strange that no other convict ever thought of that as an excuse for trying to get out from behind prison bars.

An English medical scientist of the theorist order, who believes that this gives him the right to repeal any of the Ten Commandments, states that profanity is a valuable escape valve and relieves a strain that is harmful to health. Yet statistics show that women, who, as a rule, refrain from blasphemy, are longer lived than men. The doctor will have to guess again.

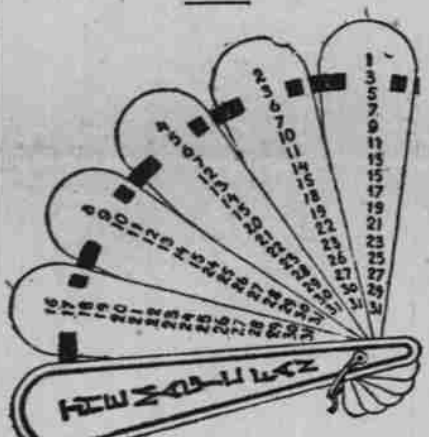
When the disaffected of other lands are minded to continue here their disaffection and to rail and agitate and conspire against republicanism, just as they had done against monarchism, says the New York Tribune, we must regard their coming as an impertinent and offensive intrusion, which is permitted, if at all, not because of any legal or moral right of theirs, but through a carelessness or a self-confidence on our part which may be more complacent than prudent or patriotic.

Israel is coming into its holy of holies, from which it has been barred for many long and bitter centuries. As one result of the new regime in Turkey all religions are officially recognized on an equal basis, and at last the Jews are allowed to enter the site of their ancient temple at Jerusalem and there worship according to their creed. Since the destruction of the second temple by the Romans under Titus, in 70 A. D., no Jew has been permitted on the spot. For a dozen centuries Moslem soldiers, stationed at the gates, have slain or turned away all who sought to enter; and the devout Jews have had no other privilege than to weep and pray outside the walls. Within the past generation visiting Christians have been allowed, under guard and for payment of a fee, to enter the beautiful Mosque of Omrah, which stands where the great Temple of Solomon stood, and where Christ taught in its successor, which was erected after the return from the captivity. Beneath its lofty dome is the wonderful rock of numberless traditions, revered alike by Jews, Christians and Mohammedans. Late in July the Jews were allowed to enter and worship for the first time. So 1909 is a notable

year in Jewish history, and the promise of the olden prophecy has come to pass.

"No man," said the late E. H. Harriman, "is absolutely necessary or even very important. If I did quit nothing would happen. This world is full of men ready to take the place of anyone. The fellow who takes hold where I leave off will go right ahead. Trains will run just the same, dividends will be earned as before; so it is with every man." The views thus expressed were not startlingly original, but coming from Harriman they showed that his head was not turned by his extraordinary success. He belonged to the common-sense school as opposed to the miracle-worker school, some of whose adherents would have ranked him as the greatest miracle-worker of his time. And the soundness of his judgment is proved by what has occurred since his death. Following the announcement of that event, the stock market was noticeably strong. In the ordinary course there will be short-lived sensations and changes in the prices paid for stocks. But it is plain that Mr. Harriman, with all his ability and all his power, was not the whole thing. In a discussion of the estimates of his wealth it is pointed out that while he held controlling interests in the larger corporations with which his name is identified he did not actually own them. His authority was by no means that of an absolute monarch, but was conditioned on his retaining the confidence of other capitalists. Standard Oil, Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and the National City Bank come to the fore again. However large the Harriman estate may be, a combination of interests more or less closely woven together is to determine the future of the so-called Harriman system. There must, of course, be an active manager at the head of the system, and he may acquire as much power and prestige as Mr. Harriman himself enjoyed. He will certainly be unfit for his job unless he possesses a strong will and exceptional ability and intelligence. But we may be sure that the miracle-worker school will be ready to acclaim him on slight provocation. For it must have its indispensable man. It will turn lightly from one to another and repudiate Mr. Harriman's declaration that no man is absolutely necessary. As for the sentiment that no man is even very important, it will look upon this as the worst kind of heresy.

FIND THE AGE OF YOUR FRIEND BY THE MAGIC FAN.



If you wish to know the age of a friend—always supposing the friend not to be older than 31 years—just show him this picture of the "Magic fan" and ask him to tell you on which of the blades his age appears. Then the only thing you have to do is to add the numbers at the top of the blades indicated and you will know the correct answer. For instance, suppose your friend is 19 years old. The number 19 will be found only on the blades under 16, 2 and 1, the sum of which is 19.

Odd Little Farms in Japan.

Land is so scarce in Japan and the people are so numerous that a farm rarely consists of more than an acre or two. These little farms are divided up into tiny fields. During the season of the year in which we made our journey one of these fields is filled with sprouting barley, light green in color; another field—perhaps the next—with vetch, a lavender-colored, clover-like fodder; a neighboring field with a dark green grass, from the seed of which a lamp oil is manufactured; another with the pale yellow flowers of the mustard, and scattered here and there fields filled with what looked like a variety of lily—some white, some red, some yellow, but all equally brilliant.

Then, to get the complete picture, you must imagine patches of flowering azaleas dotting the roadside; towering, round-topped camellia trees breaking the skyline with frequent splashes of bright green; usually in the shade of these trees houses with white plastered walls and red tiled roofs; about the more pretentious of these houses were white plastered walls, above which appeared a profusion of palms, roses and strange native flowers; and in the doorways of the garden walls kimono-clad Japanese girls, the kimonos as many and as gayly colored as the garden that framed them.—Outing.

No Harm Done.

Old Gentleman—"You idiot, you thickheaded numskull! This isn't the tree I told you to cut down. It was that one."

The New Man—"Oh! That one! Golly, boss! Yo' didn't come roun' one minnit too soon."—Life.

Occasionally a man breaks his word while telling the truth—if he stammers.

YOUNG FOLKS

Two Visits.

To visit Aunt Julia is just heaps of fun. We wear our old clothes and we race and we run. "Go try the new swing," says Aunt Julia, "my dears. It's put up so firmly you need have no fears; Since you were here last there's a lot to be seen. Take a look at my garden, all starting up green. Don't forget the new chickens out back of the shed. And when you get hungry there's fresh gingerbread."

When we go to Aunt Esther's, we wear our best clothes. We hold up our heads and we turn out our toes; We look at the album with pictures so old. When father was only a baby, we're told. But when she says, "Children, here is your treat, For I know you like sweeties and nice things to eat," James Brings in a tray, but—the cakes are so small We could each eat a tray full and not mind at all! —Youth's Companion.

A Fable for Old and Young.

Once a child who thought well of herself was walking along the street, and saw another child, who was poorly clad.

"How wretched it must be," she said to herself, "to be poor and shabby like that child! How thin she is! And how her patched cloak flutters in the wind; so different from my velvet dress and cloak!"

Just then an angel came along. "What are you looking at?" asked the angel.

"I was looking at that girl," said the child.

"So was I," said the angel. "How beautifully she is dressed!"

"What do you mean?" said the child. "I mean this one coming toward us. She is in rags, or at least, if her clothes are not ragged, they are wretchedly thin and shabby."

"Oh, no," said the angel. "How can you say so? She is sparkling white, as clear as frost. I never saw anything so pretty. But you, you poor little thing, you are indeed miserably clad. Does not the wind blow through and through those flimsy tatters? But at least you could keep them clean, my dear, and mended. You should see to that."

"I don't know what you mean!" said the child. "That girl is a ragged beggar, and my father is the richest man in town. I have a white dress and coat, trimmed with expensive fur. What are you talking about?"

"About the clothes of your soul, of course!" said the angel, who was young.

"I don't know anything about souls," said the child. "I shouldn't think you did," said the angel.—Laura E. Richards.

Lion, Wolf and Fox.

A Lion was old, weak and infirm; all the beasts of the forest presented themselves at his den to pay him their respects. The Fox alone did not appear. The Wolf took this occasion to try to win the favor of the king of animals.

"I can assure your majesty," said he, "that it is only pride and insolence which prevent the fox from appearing before you. He is not ignorant of your illness, and he is only waiting for your death to take possession of the throne."

"Bid him come here," commanded the king of animals.

He came, and, suspecting the Wolf of having played him a bad turn, said:

"I fear, Sir, that some one has blackened my character in your mind; but permit me to give you a faithful account of the reasons for my absence. I was on a pilgrimage, and was fulfilling a vow I made to aid your recovery. I found in my journey skillful and learned people whom I consulted about your malady; I have been so happy as to be informed of an infallible remedy."

"What remedy?" demanded the Lion eagerly.

"It is," responded Master Fox, "the skin of a Wolf, wrapped, all warm and reeking, about your body."

The king of animals approved the remedy. Instantly the Wolf was seized and slain, and the monarch wrapped himself up in the skin.

Those who seek to blacken others by false reports are sometimes the victims of their own wickedness.—Chicago News.

Adverb Game.

One person must go out of the room while the others choose an adverb, such as pleasantly, crossly, slowly or haughtily. When he returns he asks the company questions in turn, which they must answer in the manner of the adverb they have chosen. For instance, if they have chosen "sweetly" for their adverb they must put an extraordinary amount of sweetness into their replies, but if they have chosen "snappily" they must answer in an equally disagreeable manner, or in a spiritless way. The object is for the person who asks the questions to guess from the answer what adverb has been chosen.

One of Nature's Blunders.

During the first year of the Hosford's residence at their newly ac-

quired country home Mrs. Hosford was in a chronic state of surprise, with many periods of indignation. "Just because I've always lived in the city, they take advantage of my ignorance to make me believe all sorts of stories," she said, plausively, one night, to her husband. "I have been real provoked, but now I'm just hurt." "What's happened?" inquired her husband, as he prepared to listen. "Why, old Mr. Compton, our neighbor down the road, told me that the tree which had the most apple blossoms was likely to have the most apples," said Mrs. Hosford, "and I believed him." "Seems reasonable," assented her husband. "Oh, but it's just the other way," said Mrs. Hosford, with considerable heat for a person no longer provoked. "The tree that I got the very most blossoms from, the one that almost decorated the Hibbards' parlor when Margaret was married, has hardly any apples on it at all!"

PERSONS OF MANY NAMES.

Farmer Lad with a Name for Every Letter in the Alphabet.

One cannot help sympathizing with Lieutenant Tollemache, who, after groaning for many years under the burden of seven Christian names containing no fewer than sixty letters, has at last decided to jettison five of them and to be known for the future as plain "Leo de Orellana Tollemache," a designation long enough surely to satisfy any reasonable man.

And yet the gallant Lieutenant, according to Tit-Bits, was an enviable person compared with the other members of his many named family, nine of whom share 103 Christian names among them, ranging in number from ten to seventeen, the latter number being the baptismal dower of one of his sisters, who if ever she has time to sign her full name must write: "Lyona Decim Veronica Eysth Undine Cysa Hylda Rowena Viola Adela Thyra Ursula Ysabel Blanche Lellias Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache."

After such an autograph as this one turns with relief to the royal signature of the Empress Dowager of China, which contains but a paltry fifty-nine letters, or to that of a native of Hawaii who is content with fifty-one letters, eight of which are k's and fifteen a's.

That a multiplicity of names is not the prerogative of the higher classes was proved a few years ago when the infant boy of a Buckinghamshire farmer was presented at the font with twenty-six Christian names, each beginning with a different letter of the alphabet, from Abel to Zarahiah, and when a farm laborer handed a list of twenty-one names to the vicar of a church near Tunbridge Wells as the dower of his baby boy. Fortunately for the child, the father was induced to cut down the allowance to half a dozen. Even thus we can imagine that in future years that boy will look with envy on the offspring of a Mr. Penny, who labeled his children One Penny, Two Penny, and so on, up to the full shilling's worth of pennies.

The absurdities of Christian names are illustrated in a Sussex jury list of the seventeenth century which may be seen in the British museum. Among the jurors of that time were Safety-on-High Snot of Uckfield, Kill-Sin Pemble of Westham, Flight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith White, Small-Hope Biggs, Faint-Not Hirst and Earth Adams, although after all the names are no more remarkable than those given a few months ago to twin infants in the Midlands, who will go through life as Faith Hope Charity Rogers and Pentateuch Rogers.

Duties of Old-Time Carvers.

At the formal banquet of the sixteenth century the man who carved the meat was bound with the red tape of precedent. When carving for distinguished guests he had to remember that certain parts of the birds or meat must be set aside. In carving for his lord and lady he was expected to exercise great discretion in the size of the pieces he sent around, "for ladies will be soon angry and their thoughts soon changed, and some lords are soon pleased and some not, as they be of complexion." He was expected to have the rules both of the kitchen and the peerage at his knife's end. A pike, for instance, must be dished up whole for a lord, and in slices for commoner folk. The rank of his diners, too, determined whether a pig was to be served up whole, sliced, plain or with gold leaf, or whether new bread or bread three days old should be eaten.

Social Satire.

"Mrs. Trumps, so I am informed, has announced her intention of giving a whist party for the benefit of the poor."

"Indeed! That hints of selfishness, I'm sure, for I don't know of a poorer whist player than she is."—Boston Courier.

The Wherefore.

"Why should a bride wear such an enormous hat?"

"Because it was the only way to transport it," spoke up the lady. "I couldn't get it in a trunk."—Kansas City Journal.

SELF-SUPPORTING STUDENTS.

In Some Colleges They Seem to Be Neither Welcome Nor Popular.

Formerly a student who worked his way through college anywhere was regarded with approval, even heroized. Now he meets with condemnation on both sides; from his associates in his work because he is willing to do anything and do it cheap, and from his associates in his study because he lowers the tone of the college and does not contribute to its athletics and social display.

Many of our colleges were started with the idea that students should support themselves, at least in part, by labor for the college, such as putting up the buildings, working on a farm, etc. But as the institutions have grown in numbers and wealth this plan has been abandoned, in most cases completely, and to-day we are further from it than ever and heading in the opposite direction, says a writer in the Independent.

If a student builds a brick wall nowadays, to learn how, he is made to tear it down again. That is, even in so-called industrial schools he is not allowed to work, but compelled to play at working. It is no wonder that some of our most clear-sighted and self-respecting young men desert our colleges every year through sheer disgust. The artificiality of it makes them tired.

It is idle to deplore the increasing predominance of the leisure class in our colleges when we are by force of law and public opinion compelling college students, as we have convicts, to become a leisure class. I see only two movements which might counteract the prevailing tendency to make higher education increasingly expensive and parasitic.

One is the plan of the University, by which engineering students work alternately two weeks in the shops. The other way is to bring higher education to the people who are at work by some form of university extension.

QUEER STORIES

Filipino prisoners in Bilibid, both men and women, are now allowed a certain number of cigarettes a day at government expense.

Rhode Island received its name from what was supposed to be a resemblance in contour to the island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

Platinum, used extensively in electrical work, is only mined in California and Oregon in this country, the former supplying 85 per cent of the American product.

The adaptability of electrical energy is only limited by human imagination to devise new ways to put it to work. New methods of applying it are invented every day.

An instrument that enables the user to gaze into the human stomach and watch the digestive processes at work, was explained at the British Medical Association meeting in Belfast.

The city of Naples will soon be lighted by electricity secured from water power. At Capovolturo 16,000 horse-power will be generated and carried at 45,000 volts to the city, fifty-six miles away.

The eighth satellite of Jupiter, discovered at the Greenwich observatory in January of last year, proves remarkable not only for being so far from the planet, but also for its very eccentric orbit, its distance from Jupiter varying from about 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 miles. It revolves around the planet in about twenty-six of our months.

The National Red Cross has met with such success in the last two years in teaching first aid to the injured to the employees of large corporations that it has determined to undertake the work on a much larger scale. It will begin with the United States Steel Corporation and will instruct more than twenty thousand employees of that concern.

That Edison is as fertile as ever in suggestions appears in his proposal that the East River, New York, be filled in and its waters provided with a new channel dug across Long Island at a point farther east. Good authorities pronounce the scheme by no means chimerical. The real estate value of the present site of the river would be almost beyond calculation.

Grass Cut Man.

Through one of the West Side streets that is lined with private houses a man passes two or three times a week looking for grass plots to cut and trim. He is excitable and has a way of crying, after several repetitions of his monotonous "Grass cut! Grass cut!" a variation that makes passersby smile. He will say: "Grass cut! Grass cut! Don't anybody want their grass cut?" with peculiar emphasis on the anybody.

A few days ago the man passed up the entire block one side and down the other without finding any one to pay attention to his cries. Standing on a stoop near the corner stood a small boy, watching the "grass cut" man. The man stopped, and, throwing out his hands with an expression of contempt, asked the youngster, "Does everybody on this block cut his own grass?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Some men never think of earning an honest living until they accidentally get a good, hard jolt in the right spot.



"Did your new chauffeur turn out all right?" "No; that's why he's in the hospital."—Puck.

"Talk," said Uncle Eben, "is sumpin' like rain. A certain amount is welcome an' necessary. But doggone a deluge!"—Washington Star.

Peter and John (seeing a large plate-glass pane being put in)—We may as well go home. They are not going to let it fall.—Fligende Blatter.

"How do you overcome insomnia?" "Say the multiplication table up to twelve times twelve." "But I can't get the baby to learn it."—Cleveland Leader.

Psalmist—I'd invite you home to dinner with me, but we have no cook. KJones—And I'd invite you home with me, but we have one.—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Lapelling indignantly repudiated the idea that her cousin Henry was an atheist. "He isn't anything of the kind," she said. "He's what they call an agnostic."—Life.

"I wish I owned an aeroplane instead of an auto." "Why?" "I could then look at my neighbors without feeling that everyone of them was wishing that I would take him for a ride."—Detroit Free Press.

Railway Guard (to man smoking)—You can't smoke. Smoker—So my friends say. Guard—But you mustn't smoke. Smoker—So my doctor says. Guard—Sir, you shan't smoke. Smoker—So my wife says.—Punch.

"So you think that woman's first husband treated her badly?" "I should say so," answered Mrs. Flimflit. "He employed lawyers to cut down her alimony in a way that was positively niggardly."—Washington Star.

Her—Richard! Why on earth are you cutting your pie with a knife? Him—Because, darling—now, understand, I'm not finding any fault, for I know that these little oversights will occur—because you forgot to give me a can opener.—Cleveland Leader.

The old lady had had a severe illness, and she was relating its vicissitudes to a friend or two in the grocer's shop when the minister came in. "It's only by the Lord's mercy," she plausibly declared, "that I'm not in heaven to-night."—Argonaut.

"I'm sure I don't know why they call this hotel the Palms. Do you? I've never seen a palm anywhere near the place." "You'll see them before you go. It's a pleasant little surprise the waiters keep for the guests on the last day of their stay."—Pick-Me-Up.

Mrs. Hardecash—I want you to get me a divorce from my husband and an allowance of \$1,500 a year. Lawyer—How much is his income? Mrs. Hardecash—It's about that. I wouldn't ask for more than a man makes. I am not that kind.—New York Weekly.

"Your political antagonist is calling you every name he can think of," said the agitated friend. "Don't interrupt him," answered Senator Sorghum; "it is better to have a man searching the dictionary for epithets than going after your record for facts."—Washington Star.

A love-smitten youth, who was studying approved methods of proposal, asked one of his bachelor friends if he thought a young man should propose to a girl on his knees. "If he doesn't," replied his friend, "the girl should get off."—Everybody's Magazine.

Husband—Our little boy is sick, doctor, so please come at once. Physician—I can't get over much under an hour. Husband—Oh, do, doctor. You see, my wife has a book on "What to Do Before the Doctor Comes," and I'm so afraid she'll do it before you get there!—Harper's Weekly.

An Irishman fell from a house and landed on a wire about twenty feet from the ground. After he had struggled a moment the man let go and fell to the ground. Some one asked his reasons for letting go. "Faith," was the reply, "I was afraid the damn'd wire would break."—Medical Summary.

"That is a tender old poem." "Is, ah?" "But what did the poet mean here where he speaks of the children's hour?" "Why, I s'pose under the terms of the divorce decree each parent was entitled to have the children at certain hours. The judges don't usually draw it so fine, though."—Kansas City Journal.

"That woman next door is really dreadful, John," said a young married woman to her husband. "She does nothing but talk the whole day long. She cannot get any work done, I'm sure." "Oh," remarked the husband, "I thought she was a chatterbox. And to whom does she talk?" "Why, my dear, to me, of course," was the reply. "She talks to me over the back fence."

Mr. Brown (rushing excitedly into the room)—Marie, Marie, intelligence has just reached me.—Mrs. Brown (calmly interrupting him)—Well, thank heaven, Henry.—Brooklyn Life. Algernon Arduppe—Can't you make me any better rate for room and board than what you advertise, five dollars up? Mrs. Hamand—Yes. In your case it will be five dollars down.—Chicago Union.